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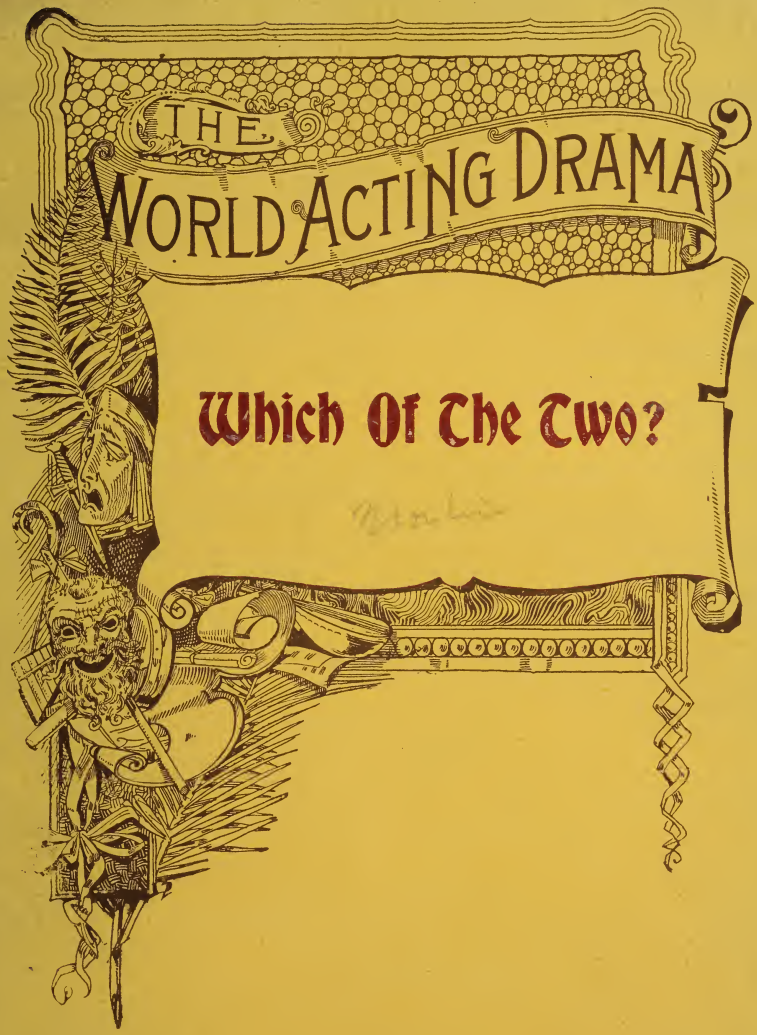


# Which Of The Two?

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## *CAST OF CHARACTERS.*

Baron Mullendorf (Governor of the Imperial Pages).....Mr. J. Bland.
Major Krackwitz (Governor of the Military Prison).....Mr. J. H. Turner.

IMPERIAL PAGES.

Alexis Bettmann, Paul Bettmann (Twin Brothers.) .....Miss M. Simpson. / .....Miss G. Saunders.
Rodolph.....Miss Turtle.
Louis.....Miss Gilbert.
Sigismund.....Miss Henrade.
Charles.....Miss Hulet.
Frederick.....Miss Ledger.
Cassimir.....Miss Hamilton.

Officers, Soldiers, Cossacks.

Fœdora (Daughter of Baron Mullendorf).....Miss F. Hughes.
Katinka (a Servant).....Miss M. Wilton.

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Scene —AN INN IN A SMALL MILITARY TOWN IN RUSSIA.

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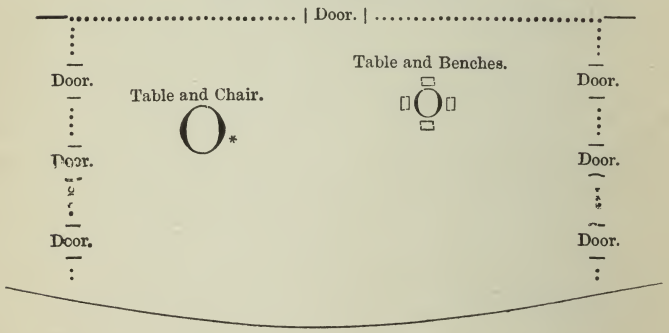
## *SCENERY.*

*Scene.*—Public Room of an Inn.




Several doors, numbered, on each side, supposed to lead to sleeping apartments—large C. door—table and benches, L., with bottles, drinking-cups, pipes, matches, etc.—cards, dice, table, chair, R.—writing materials.

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## *PROPERTIES.*

Bottles, drinking-cups, pipes, matches, etc.; cards, dice; writing materials, letters; tray with supper things; very large letter; bill for dinner; paper describing prisoner; brace of pistols; bunch of ribbons; ring; large sheet of paper with writing on.

[*For Costumes, etc., see page* 20.]

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# WHICH OF THE TWO?

SCENE.—*Public Room of an Inn.*

PAUL, LOUIS, RODOLPH, CHARLES, FREDERICK, SIGISMUND, CASSIMIR, *etc.*, *are discovered seated, drinking.*

PAUL. Come, comrades, our last and crowning toast, the health of our gracious, noble, and indulgent master, the Emperor!

PAUL *and* PAGES (*rising*). Long live the Emperor! Hurrah! hurrah! (*they empty their glasses*, PAUL, LOUIS *and* RODOLPH *come forward, the others light their pipes, play at cards, dice, etc.*)

LOUIS (R.). Well, Paul, what tidings of your brother, our worthy comrade, Alexis?

PAUL (C.). Poor fellow! he's still under arrest, by the Emperor's orders.

RODOLPH (L.). In other words, he still refuses to confess how he has expended his last year's pay, amounting to three thousand rubles?

PAUL. Yes; even I, his brother, who have the greatest claim to his confidence, am as much in the dark as yourselves, gentlemen. Alexis will keep his secret, depend upon it.

ROD. And his prison too, depend upon it. The Czar will be inexorable.

PAUL. The Czar has already proved himself to be so, by refusing my poor brother's earnest prayer to be allowed two short hours of liberty, to join in our attack on the enemy's position last night.

ROD. By-the-bye is it true that his majesty's person was in danger during the engagement?

PAUL. Most unquestionably. Carried away by his impetuous courage, he suddenly found himself engaged almost single-handed with a numerous body of the enemy's cavalry, and would inevitably have been either killed or taken prisoner, but for the heroic devotion of one of his pages.

LOU.<br>ROD.<br>PAGES. } One of his pages? (*all hurrying down, and surrounding* PAUL.)

ROD. What an honor for our corps! But which of our companions had this glorious slice of good fortune?

PAUL. The darkness of the night did not allow the Emperor to recognize his preserver's features, but his majesty drew a ring from his finger, and placed it on that of his deliverer.

ROD. In that case, he cannot fail to receive substantial proofs of the Emperor's gratitude. In the mean time (*going to table*, L.) we will drink his health, combined with another toast—namely, a speedy deliverance to our dear comrade, Alexis (*the* PAGES *all join in drinking the toast, with loud hurrahs.*)

PAUL. Thanks, thanks!

ROD. His presence amongst us is now doubly desirable, since the recent appointment of our new governor, that odious Baron Mullendorf, whom we all detest so cordially.

PAUL In other words, Rodolph, you would like to avail yourself of the extraordinary resemblance between Alexis and myself, to mystify the aforesaid "odious baron." Ha, ha, ha! well, the similarity of our features has certainly caused a very considerable amount of confusion already, and it is reported that on that account the Emperor is at length fully determined to separate us.

LOU. Indeed! that may, then, account for your mysterious disappearance for the last week. Where the deuce have you been?

PAUL (*quietly*). In prison.

ROD. For what offence?

PAUL. None whatever. I was there simply as an amateur. The fact is, knowing poor Alexis was desperately in love, I determined he should have a few days liberty. I therefore went to see him in prison, and thanks to our resemblance, I so far imposed upon his jailer, who, in the absence of the commandant, was left in charge, as to take his place; so that while Alexis was endeavoring to discover the "lady of his love," I was quietly munching his dry bread, and swallowing his cold water in his stead. However, my fraternal devotion was entirely thrown away, as when Alexis returned to his prison, he might just as well have stopped in it, for he had not succeeded in obtaining the slightest trace of her he loved.

ROD. (L.). By the bye, Paul, how do *your* love affairs progress?

PAUL (C.). Well, (*concertedly*) I've nothing to complain of. They are, perhaps to be distinguished by a certain fascination of person and manners——

PAGES. Ha, ha! well said, Paul!

LOU. (R.). One would suppose he fell in love with every woman he saw!

PAUL. No—understand me. I do not run after the women—the women run after me! It's a melancholy fact, but they will run after *me*. For instance, the female domestic of this rustic inn, the pretty Katinka, she's very desperately smitten, indeed—but as I say to her, "My good girl, if you can't resist my personal attractions, don't fret, it's your misfortune, not your fault."

PAGES. Ha, ha, ha!

ROD. (*aside*). Was there ever such a conceited puppy?

LOU. (*aside*). There never was such an intolerable coxcomb? (*the* PAGES *all retire, laughing, up the stage, leaving* PAUL *alone*)

*The door*, L. 1 E., *opens, and* FŒDORA *enters veiled—sees* PAUL.

FŒ. (*aside*). 'Tis he! (*rapidly advancing*, C., *and grasps* PAUL'S *arm*—L. C., *in a loud and earnest whisper*) Well?

PAUL (R., *astonished*) Well?

FŒ. I've found you at last!

PAUL (*aside*). She says she's found me at last!

FŒ. I have been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of speaking to you since yesterday morning.

PAUL (*bothered*). Have you? (*aside*) I haven't the most distant idea who she is, or what she means? (*by this time the* PAGES *have seen her—they point at her, and whisper together.*)

FŒ. Of course you have heard all about it?

PAUL (*aside*). It! what does she mean by "*it?*" (*aloud*) Yes, of course I have.

FŒ. (*nettled*). It doesn't seem to distress you much!

PAUL (*aside*). Oh, I ought to be distressed! very well. (*aloud*) Yes, it does, it distresses me intensely.

FŒ. Then of course you'll take immediate steps to prevent it?

PAUL (*aside*). It again! (*still more bothered*) Of course I shall. (*aside*) The fog's getting thicker and thicker!

FŒ. Don't you think you had better confess everything at once to my father?

PAUL. No doubt about it! (*aside*) Who is her father?

FŒ For I need not say, I won't marry him!

PAUL (*aside*). Marry her father? I should think not!

FŒ. In the first place, he's at least twice my age.

PAUL. Well I should say he must be, at the very least.

FŒ. Then he has been married before?

PAUL (*aside*). If he hasn't, he ought to have been.

FŒ. Besides, he's such a horrid fright.

PAUL. (*aside*). She's not very complimentary, or respectful either, to the author of her being.

FŒ. Besides, you—you never would—you never *could* see me become Madame Krackwitz?

PAUL. Krackwitz! Major Krackwitz commandant of the military prison?

FŒ. Yes, he's the husband selected for me, by my father. But you'll run him through the body first, won't you?

PAUL. Your father?

FŒ. No, the Major; but perhaps he may yet retract.

PAUL. Who, the Major?

FŒ. No, my father; especially when he knows that we couldn't live separated. You'd die, wouldn't you? (*tenderly.*)

PAUL. Not I!—I mean yes, of course. I should make it my immediate business to die!

FŒ. That thought will comfort me.

PAUL. Will it? (*aside*) Thank'ee.

FŒ. Hush! I thought I heard a step. I must leave you.

PAUL One moment—will you explain?

FŒ. This letter will do that. (*gives letter, and exits hurriedly into room* L. 1 E.)

PAUL (*after watching her out*). Well, of all the extraordinary and mysterious proceedings—who can she be? (*all the* PAGES *hurry down and surround* PAUL)

LOU. Now, Paul, who is she?

PAGES. Yes, who is she? Name, name, name!

PAUL. No, gentlemen, I will *not* tell you who the lady is—I will not mention her name. (*aside*) For the best of all possible reasons—I couldn't if I would. (*walks apart,* R., *as the* PAGES *are going up, and opens letter*) What's this? an appointment for this evening, in the garden of the Inn, and signed—can it be possible?—"Fœdora Mullendorf." Our old governor's lovely daughter. Here's another victim to my fatal fascinations. Poor creature! it's really very sad.

*Enter* KATINKA *from* R. D. U. E.—*the* PAGES *run and surround her, with the exception of* PAUL, *who remains* R., *looking at letter.*

KAT. Be quiet, gentlemen! And hands off, if you please.

LOU. No, no! A kiss, a kiss.

PAGES. Yes, a kiss all round.

PAUL. For shame, gentlemen! (*putting* LOUIS *on one side, and putting* KATINKA *round to* R.) Don't be alarmed, my dear, I'll take care of you—you shan't be kissed. (*kisses her*) I won't allow you to be kissed. (*kisses her again.*)

KAT. (R.). Thank you, sir. (*aside*) He's as impudent as any of them—but then he's decidedly the best looking of the lot. (*aloud*) Your supper's quite ready, gentlemen.

PAUL (*aside*). I mustn't neglect my appointment with the lovely Fœdora. But how shall I manage to get my comrades out of the way! I have it. (*aloud*) Come, gentlemen, what say you to a stroll before supper?

PAGES. Agreed! agreed! (*going up.*)

PAUL (*to* KATINKA). I shall soon be back again; you'll stop here, won't you, my dear? (*chucking her under the chin.*)

KAT. (*drawing herself up*). Not I, indeed! (*aside to him*) Don't be long. (PAUL *kisses her again, and then goes off at back with the other* PAGES, C. D. L.) I'm not at all vain, but there's no denying that having an imperial page for a sweetheart is an immense feather in a girl's cap! I know what I'll do! I'll go and pick out all the nice tit bits for his supper, and bring it in here. (*goes off*, D. R. U. E.)

ALEXIS *enters hurriedly at door* R. C., *turns and looks off—he is pale and agitated and his uniform is in disorder.*

ALEXIS. I think I have given my pursuers the slip! Yes, they're evidently at fault; and see—now they are laying their wise heads together, and the result is—ha, ha, ha!—that they gallop off in the opposite direction! a pleasant ride to you gentlemen. (*advancing and wiping his brow*) Wheugh! now let me quietly review my position, past and present. Ten days ago I was introduced, with all due respect and ceremony, to the interior of a military prison, because I refused to account for the expenditure of my last year's pay. How could I, without shame and humiliation, publicly confess that it had been devoted to the support of my aged mother—the widow of a brave and devoted officer, who has been reduced almost to beggary by the neglect and ingratitude of the government. I would have died first. I next learn that Baron Mullendorf, the father of her I adore, has arrived in the neighborhood of the military prison, accompanied by the lovely Fœdora—that alone would have prompted me to attempt an escape; but when the news reached me that our troops were about to make a night attack on the enemy, I resolved at all risks to join my brave comrades. Neither bolts, bars, watchful jailers, vigilant sentinels, no, not even the lynx-eyed commandant, Major Krackwitz himself, could detain me, and my escape was effected. The sound of musketry soon brought me to the scene of action, and rushing into the battle where the fire was hottest, a loud cheer from a body of the enemy's cavalry suddenly attracted my attention, and I beheld the Emperor in the midst of them alone and single-handed. I know not what I did, but his life was saved, for, placing this ring on my finger, and whispering these words in my ear, "To-morrow your Emperor will reward your devotion!" he again dashed into the fight. For the sake of my widowed mother, I *have* claimed that reward, in a letter to the Emperor, which is here in my pocket-book. (*feeling the breast of his coat*) But how shall I get it conveyed into his majesty's hands? and even if I succeed, such is his strict sense of discipline, that it is by no means improbable that he will first send me back to my prison to settle accounts with Major Krackwitz, and reward me afterwards. No, my

first effort must be to see my adored Fœdora, and—get something to eat. (*crosses to* R. *corner.*)

*Enter* KATINKA, R. D. 2 E.—*crosses to* L. *table, with a tray on which supper things are laid.*

KAT. (*seeing* ALEXIS). Why, he's come back already, I do declare. (*mistaking* ALEXIS *for* PAUL, *places tray on table with a slam.*)

ALEX. (*starting*). What's that? (*turning and seeing* KATINKA.)

KAT. Your supper, of course.

ALEX. My supper? (*aside*) Egad, one is really served by enchantment in this inn. (*aloud*) I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, but may I ask how you happened to know that I wanted my supper?

KAT. (*surprised*). Why, didn't you, not five minutes ago—but you know you did.

ALEX. (*aside, astonished*). She says I know I did! (*aloud*) What?

KAT. Why, oh, go along, do.

ALEX. (*aside*). What does she mean by "go along, do?"

KAT. But tell me, how did you manage to give them the slip, eh?

ALEX. The slip?

KAT. Yes, how did you manage your escape?

ALEX. (*starts*). Escape? (*suddenly grasping her hand, and in a loud, earnest whisper*) Hush! I see you know all.

KAT. Of course I do.

ALEX. Then swear you'll not betray me—swear it, I say! (*violently.*)

KAT. (*alarmed*). Oh, lud, I don't think I can swear, but I'll try, if you like.

ALEX. No, no, you'll keep the secret for my sake, won't you?

KAT. You know I will. (*taking his arm.*)

ALEX. (*aside*). Rather a familiar young lady, I must say. (*aloud*) Then, that being settled, I'll have my supper. (*crosses to* L. *table, and sits* R. C.)

KAT. (*following him*). And as uncle has gone down to the village, and we have got the house to ourselves, I think I'll pick a bit too. (*sitting down* L. *of table.*)

ALEX. Do you? ha, ha! (*looking with astonishment at her, aside*) Well, as I said before, she is by many degrees the most familiar young person—but never mind. (*beginning to eat eagerly.*)

KAT. (*pouting*). Ah, one can see with half an eye that you're too hungry to be much in love.

ALEX. (*aside*). What a very odd remark! (*aloud*) There you're wrong, my dear, for I happen to be desperately in love.

KAT. (*with modesty*). Don't.

ALEX. And no wonder, for she that I adore is the most lovely, the most fascinating of her sex.

KAT. (*coquettishly*). Be quiet, do! I don't like it.

ALEX. (*aside*). She says she doesn't like it. What possible difference can it make to her. (*aloud*) Yes, and what's more, I rather flatter myself that she loves me in return.

KAT. (*in a coquettish manner*). Do you, indeed? I'm sure she never told you so.

ALEX. I beg your pardon, she did, the very last time I saw her.

KAT. Oh, oh, how can you tell such a great big fib?

ALEX. (*aside*). What a *very* extraordinary young woman. (*aloud and smiling*) Indeed, so convinced am I of her affection, that I'm determined to make her my wife.

KAT. Your wife—oh, oh! (*hysterically.*)

ALEX. Zounds, she's going into hysterics. (*getting up and going to her*) What's the matter?

KAT. The surprise—the joy—the—oh, oh! your wife—it's too much. (*throwing herself into his arms—he is perfectly bewildered—then suddenly*) But are you *really, truly* in earnest?

ALEX. So much so, that I'll even marry her without her father's consent.

KAT. Her father—you mean her uncle?

ALEX. Pshaw! her father! but that extremity I trust to avoid, for I hope to make her mine with the full sanction and approbation of the Emperor himself.

KAT. Lor! you don't mean to say you're thinking of asking his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias to our wedding!

ALEX. Whose wedding?

KAT. Mine!

ALEX. Yours?

KAT. Yours!

ALEX. Mine?

KAT. Ours!

ALEX. Ours? (*aside*) She's a lunatic.

BARON (*without*, L. C.). This way! this way!

ALEX. (*starting*) That voice!

KAT. (*looking off*, L. C.). It's the Governor of the Imperial Pages!

ALEX. Baron Mullendorf?

KAT. Yes, and who is that with him? The Commandant of the Military Prison.

ALEX. Major Krackwitz! the devil! hide me quick—anywhere—in your room. (*going* R.)

KAT. My room! no, no! we're not married yet, sir!

ALEX. Don't be absurd! ah, in here. (*going to door*, L. 1 E.) Confusion—it's locked!

KAT. Of course, there's a young lady there!

BARON (*without*). Now, major, are you coming?

KAT. Follow me—quick—this way! [*Hurries him out*, D. L. U. E.

FŒDORA *opens door*, L. 1 E.

FŒ. Dear Alexis, is that you? no one? ah! (*looking off*, C. D. L.) My father, and that odious Major Krackwitz. (*hastily re-enters room*, L. 1 E.).

*Enter* BARON MULLENDORF, L. C., *followed by* MAJOR KRACKWITZ.

BARON (L., *taking off his military cloak*). Krackwitz, cloak! (*throwing cloak to* MAJOR, *who catches it and hangs it over chair*, R.) Krackwitz, hat! (*tossing it to* MAJOR, *who catches it and places it on table*, R.) Now, a chair for *me*, another for yourself. (MAJOR *brings down two chairs*—BARON *seats himself*, L.) Sit down. Ahem! now, major, have I or have I not made myself intelligible?

MAJOR (R.). Perfectly! your excellency is so excessively plain spoken!

BARON. That'll do! The fact is, somehow or other, I don't feel myself quite so young as I was forty years ago.

MAJOR (*in a sympathising tone*). You don't say so!

BARON. That's enough! and therefore, wishing to see my daughter, Fœdora, married and settled, I have hit upon you. (*giving him a heavy slap on left shoulder.*)

MAJOR (*wincing*). Thank you!

BARON. I might possibly have found a younger husband for her, certainly a handsomer one—nevertheless, you'll do—yes, I think you'll do.

MAJ. You're very kind! Believe me, Baron, the lovely Fœdora shall be as happy as I can possibly make her!

BARON. And that's not saying much.

MAJ. (*aside*). What an agreeable old brute it is!

BARON. And you promise to indulge her in everything?

MAJ. In everything!

BARON. And contradict her in nothing?

MAJ. In nothing! she shall enjoy the most perfect, I may say the most unfettered liberty.

BARON. Unfettered liberty in a prison! that's a lively prospect for her.

MAJ. And she'll never have to complain of a want of cheerful and agreeable society, because I shall always be with her.

BARON, Oh, you'll be always with her? That's another lively prospect for her.

MAJ. (*aside*). Complimentary old savage!

*Enter a* PEASANT, L. C., *hurriedly, with a large letter.*

PEASANT (L.) A dispatch from the military prison for the commandant; Major—Major Krack—something or other. (*to* BARON) Are you he?

BARON (*drawing himself up*). No, sirrah, I am not Major Krack—something or other—that is the commandant. (*pointing to* MAJOR, *and crossing pompously to* L.; *the* PEASANT *bows awkwardly, delivers the letter to the* MAJOR *and hurries off*, L. C.)

MAJ. (*looking at the address*). From my head jailer! (*to* BARON) Will you allow me to fracture the seal? (*opens letter.*)

BARON. Nothing wrong, I hope?

MAJ. No, not much fear of that. When a prisoner once gets into my clutches, he must be a very slippery sort of a gentleman, indeed, if he manages to—(*reading letter*) Eh—no—yes! mercy on us. (*reading*) "Sorry to inform you—during the night—young Alexis Bettmann——"

BARON. Exactly! one of the Royal Pages—your prisoner that is!

MAJ. No; my prisoner that *was!*—he has escaped. What's this? "He will doubtless be speedily recaptured,"—that's lucky!—"for on the first discovery of his escape, I immediately dispatched six mounted turkeys in pursuit."

BARON. Six turkeys?

MAJ. Yes—no! turnkeys! I'm so confused—so bewildered! ah, here's a postscript "One of the turkeys"—I mean turnkeys—"has just returned with a pocket book, evidently dropped by the prisoner in his flight, and containing a letter addressed to the Emperor, which I have thought it my duty to forward instantly to his majesty." Mercy on us! escaped! here's a pretty piece of business, if it reaches the Emperor's ears——

BARON. You'll lose yours!

MAJ. My ears?

BARON. Yes, and think yourself lucky if your head doesn't go along with them!

MAJ. Thank you! I must return to the prison this very moment.

BARON. Not till I have presented you to my daughter—your bride elect.

MAJ. Then make haste! make haste, if you love me!

BARON. This way, then! [*Hurries out*, L. D. 1 E.

ALEX *peeps on at* L. D. 2 E.

ALEX. They're gone! luckily, however, I have overheard every syllable. Fœdora here! under this very roof. I must see her. Ah!

KATINKA *enters at* D. L. U. E., *he runs to her, grasps her hand and hurries her rapidly to the front.*

Tell me! the young lady in that room—who—who is she?

KATINKA. (L.). Well I'm sure, sir! you seem vastly interested about her!

ALEX. I am immensely—intensely interested! her name? speak, don't you see I am on thorns?

KAT. Are you? well, then, her name is——

ALEX Fœdora! Baron Mullendorf's lovely, fascinating daughter.

KAT. Lovely? that's a matter of taste. For my part, I don't admire cock-up noses.

ALEX. Young woman, I beg you'll speak a little more respectfully of the object of my affections.

KAT. *She* the object of your affections! after all your vows to me.

ALEX (*astonished*). To you?

KAT. Yes. Oh, oh, oh, you good-for-nothing, base, cruel, deceitful, ugly monster! Didn't you say you were going to invite the Emperor of all the Russias to our wedding? Oh, oh, oh! (*sobbing.*)

ALEX. Hush! (*putting his hand over her mouth.*)

KAT I won't hush! I'll be revenged! (*aside*) Yes, I'll run and tell Major Krackwitz that he's got a rival. (*runs to door* L 1 E., *stops, turns towards* ALEXIS, *and making a frightful, ugly grimace at him*) Ugh!

[*Exit into room,* L. 1 E.

ALEX. Poor young woman! there can't be the slightest doubt that she's a little damaged. (*touching his forehead*) How shall I let Fœdora know that I am here? I've not patience to wait till her father and Major Krackwitz have left the house. I have it! Her window looks out into the garden. I may, perhaps, be able to attract her attention. Yes—at any rate it's worth the trial. [*Exit,* C. *to* L.

PAUL *enters,* R. D. 3 E.

PAUL. Ha, ha! I've given my comrades the slip in capital style, and here I am with ample time before me to prepare for my appointment with the beautiful Fœdora. When I say beautiful, perhaps she is not beautiful, because if she is beautiful, why was she so closely veiled? Zounds! she may be a positive fright! Pshaw! a few minutes will decide.

*Re-enter* KATINKA, L. 1 E.

KAT. (*aside, as she enters*). I've told Major Krackwitz, so it won't be my fault if there isn't a smartish rattle among the crockery presently. (*seeing* PAUL. *and mistaking him for* ALEXIS) So, sir, you're still here! I thought by this time you would have been with the "object of your affections!" (*contemptuously.*)

PAUL. So I am. (*about to put his arm round her waist.*)

KAT Hands off, if you please, sir Well, why don't you go? you surely won't keep the lady waiting! (*sneeringly.*)

PAUL (*aside*). How the deuce can she have discovered? (*suddenly, and seizing* KATRINA's *hand*) Hush! I see you know all.

KAT. It would be rather odd if I didn't.

PAUL. Who—who could have told you?

KAT. Who, why you!

PAUL. I?

KAT. Yes; here on this very spot, not five minutes ago.

PAUL. Pshaw! you're dreaming.

KAT. Am I? On the contrary, I'm wide awake. Dreaming, indeed! when you had the cruelty, the barba ity, to tell me to my face that you "loved her," and that you "rather flattered yourself" she loved you in return.

PAUL (*looking at her, then aside*). Poor girl! her intellects are evidently a little disordered. (*aloud*) Come, no more of this. I'm hungry.

KAT. Hungry again? (*astonished.*)

PAUL (*aside*). What does she mean by hungry again? (*aloud*) I repeat, I want my supper.

KAT. Supper again? Pooh, you couldn't do it. You'd better pay for what you have had already—here's your bill. (*presents bill.*)

PAUL. My bill! (*looking at it*) Eight roubles! What's this? "Soup, roast chicken."

KAT. Perhaps you haven't touched the soup, but you can't deny the chicken—only look at your bones. (*pointing to plate on table*, L.)

PAUL. My bones?

KAT. Yes, so pay at once and have done with it. Uncle would have charged you double for such a supper as you've had.

PAUL. Ha, ha, ha! "such a supper as I have had," eh? No no, my dear; I can stand a good deal, but I can't quite swallow that.

KAT. But you have swallowed it, therefore I——

MAJOR (*without*, L.). Very well, Baron, very well.

KAT. Here comes Major Krackwitz. (*crossing to* R.) I'll get out of the way of the explosion. (*running to* R. D., *then stopping, and pointedly to* PAUL) I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle. (*runs out at door*, R. U. E.)

PAUL (*looking after her*). I'd give something to know what this all means.

*Enter* MAJOR KRACKWITZ, *at door* L. 1 E.

MAJOR (*as he enters*). Can what this young girl says be true, that a little, half-fledged, upstart, beardless page, dares to cast sheep's glances at my intended? (*sees* PAUL R.) Oh, this must be he.

PAUL (*not seeing* MAJOR). The hour of my appointment being close at hand, I may as well take up my position in the garden at once. (*turns and finds himself face to face with* MAJOR.)

MAJOR. Now, young gentleman!

PAUL. If you come to that—now, old gentleman! (*aside*) I wonder who he is.

MAJOR. You have a motive in being here?

PAUL. Probably, or I shouldn't be here.

MAJOR. In a word, then, sir, the lady—you know who I mean—is my intended wife.

PAUL. Is she? Then I pity her with all my heart.

MAJOR (*aside*). That's about the rudest remark I've heard for a long time. (*aloud*) Hark'ee, sir, do you mean to insult me? because, if you do——(*threateningly, laying hand on sword.*)

PAUL. Well, sir? (*same business*)

MAJOR. I repeat, because, if you do—I can't help it.

PAUL. Pshaw! out of the way. (*crossing to* L., *pushing the* MAJOR *out of the way.*)

MAJOR. A blow! (*suddenly, and looking fixedly at* PAUL) Eh? no—stop as you are. Don't move. (*aside*) If this should be my runaway

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page. Luckily I've got his description. (*takes paper out of his pocket, looking at* PAUL *after each sentence*) "Light brown hair—aquiline eyes——blue nose." It's he? How shall I capture him? I have it! (*aloud, and in a tone of importance*) I see you wear a sword, sir.

PAUL. Which is quite at your service, sir.

MAJOR. Then hand it over at once. In other words, you are once more my prisoner.

PAUL. I?

MAJOR. Yes, you—Alexis Bettman, of the Imperial Pages, sentenced to one month's imprisonment in the fortress under my command, and from which you ignominiously contrived to effect your escape last night.

PAUL (*aside*). He takes me for my brother. Has Alexis, then, escaped? I'll not undeceive him. (*aloud*) I confess, sir, I am Alexis Bettman.

MAJOR. And I, sir, am Major Krackwitz, whose agreeable, I mean painful, duty it is to escort you back to prison immediately—so follow me.

PAUL. One moment. (*aside*) Anything to give Alexis time. (*aloud*) Excuse me Major, but I can't forget that I have insulted you, and that you have a right to insist upon immediate satisfaction. Be it so! in five minutes' time you will find me at the end of the avenue. (*crossing to* R.)

MAJOR. Stop! a very likely matter I'm going to let you give me the slip again.

PAUL. Nay, I pledge you my word that, having once satisfied your wounded honor by running you through the body, I'll follow you back to prison like a lamb. (*going towards* L. D., *stops*) Remember, the end of the avenue. (*goes in, re-appearing*) Pistols, of course. [*Exit*, R. D.

MAJOR (*shouting after him*). I'll be there, sir, in five minutes, pistols and all, sir! (*aside*) That'll just give me time to post half a dozen Cossacks there to pounce upon the young gentleman the moment he arrives. Ha, ha, capital! but I may as well just take a peep and see what he is about. (*peeps through keyhole of* R. D.)

*Enter* ALEXIS, C. D. L, *without the epaulet for his left shoulder.*

ALEX. I have seen Fœdora—her father fortunately left her alone for a few minutes, and I leapt through the window into her room. She loves me still.

MAJOR (R., *turning and seeing* ALEXIS, *mistaking him for* PAUL). Holloa, how the deuce did he get there?

ALEX. (L, *seeing* MAJOR). The Major, I'm caught!

MAJOR (*aside*). He hasn't got his pistols, and looks pale and agitated, perhaps he's frightened. I'll swagger a bit. (*aloud*) Well, sir, where are the murderous weapons, eh? Can't find 'em, perhaps. Mislaid 'em, eh? What a pity! umph!

ALEX. (*aside*). What the deuce is he talking about?

MAJOR (*observing him, aside*). He's dreadfully frightened. (*aloud, and with a swaggering air*) No matter, swords will suit me quite as well—indeed, rather better. (*drawing his sword, and flourishing it about*) So follow me!

ALEX. (*aside*). Back to prison—a very likely matter! (*aloud*) No, Major, not I, indeed.

MAJOR (*aside*). He's horribly frightened. (*aloud*) To refuse satisfaction for an insult, and that insult a blow, is the act of a coward.

ALEX. Coward! 'sdeath and furies! defend yourself! (*draws his sword, and thrusts it, and driving* MAJOR *round the stage, and off*, C. *to* R.)

MAJOR. Holloa! holloa!
ALEX. Come on, come on, I say!
MAJOR. Help! help!

*Enter* PAUL, R. D. 2 E., *with a brace of pistols.*

PAUL. Now, Major, I am ready for you. Sorry to have kept you, but I found my pistols were not loaded. (*looking about*) Heyday! not here! what the deuce has become of him?

*Re-enter* MAJOR, C. *from* R., *very much out of breath, his hat off, wig awry, dress disordered—leans up against door post exhausted.*

MAJOR. Wheugh! of all the desperate, sanguinary young rascals—I'm sure if I've run round the garden once with that infuriated young savage at my heels, I've been round five-and-twenty times; but, luckily, at the last go round, he ran plump into the arms of six gigantic Cossacks, so that now he is safely caged at last (*seeing* PAUL, R., *whom he mistakes for* ALEXIS) Eh—no—yes—escaped again! (*staring with astonishment.*)

PAUL (R., *turning and seeing* MAJOR). Oh, there you are! I couldn't imagine what had become of you. I was just going to run after you.

MAJOR. What, again? Well, you wouldn't have had far to run, for I couldn't have gone once more round to save my life.

PAUL (*astonished*). Once more round what?

MAJOR. Why, that infernal garden! But tell me, how the deuce did you contrive to get out of their clutches?

PAUL. Whose clutches?

MAJOR. Why, the six Cossacks, you know, who arrested you just now!

PAUL. Arrested me?

MAJOR. Yes, sir, for your cowardly attempt to stab me behind my back.

PAUL. Pshaw! no such thing.

MAJOR No such thing, eh? Well, if sticking your sword into a man who is running away from you isn't stabbing him behind his back, I don't know what is.

PAUL (*looking at him, and shaking his head*). Major, Major, you've been drinking.

BARON (*without*, L. 1 E.). Major, Major, I say.

MAJOR. The Baron (*to* PAUL) You'll stop here till I come back.

PAUL. Yes, I won't follow your example by running away from you—ha, ha, ha!

BARON (*without, and in a louder tone*). Major, I say!

MAJOR. I'm coming! [*runs into room*, L. 1 E

PAUL. So it seems I've been running round a garden trying to stick my sword into that elderly gentleman's back; then I've been arrested by six Cossacks; then—(*suddenly*) Ah, yes, it must be so! Alexis is doubtless concealed hereabouts, and he—he is the hero of this adventure for which, owing to our resemblance, I have got the credit—ha, ha, ha! (*looking off*, R. C. D.) What do I see? 'tis he!

ALEXIS *is brought on by the* COSSACKS, C. *from* R, *who go out again—at the same time* KATINKA *enters*, R. D. 2 E.

PAUL (L.). }
ALEX. (R.). } Brother! (*they rush into each other's arms.*)

KAT. (*at back*, R). He's got a brother! Why, mercy on me, they're both exactly alike! I shan't know one from the other.

ALEX. Dear Paul!

KAT. (*aside*) Oh, that's Paul! I won't take my eyes off him, or I shall get puzzled again.

PAUL. Dear Alexis, I needn't say with what delight I heard of your escape from prison!

ALEX. Yes; I was resolved to join my comrades in their attack on the enemy last night.

PAUL. My brave brother!

ALEX But that's not the only good fortune that's happened to me. She's here—under this very roof.

PAUL. Your beautiful unknown?

ALEX. Yes.

PAUL. So is mine; but she's no longer unknown, for I have discovered who she is.

ALEX. So have I. In a word, the object of my affection is no other than—(*whispers* PAUL, *who starts.*)

PAUL (*smiling*). Well, as one confidence deserves another, the object of my affection is no other than—(*whispers* ALEXIS, *who starts violently.*)

ALEX. Fœdora faithless!

PAUL. Not a bit of it—ha, ha, ha! Don't be jealous, the mystery is easily explained. She mistook me for you, as older and wiser heads have done before.

KAT. (R., *aside*). Mine, for instance.

PAUL But are you aware that you really have a rival?

ALEX. Major Krackwitz—yes, Fœdora told me so. By-the-bye, the Major insisted upon it just now that I had grossly insulted him, and, probably, mistaking my astonishment for fear, dared to call me a coward!

PAUL. Ha, ha, ha! then it is you who've been running round the garden after him, trying to stab him behind his back, eh? Capital! don't be alarmed—I'm the offender!

ALEX. (*anxiously*). But, he spoke of a blow!

PAUL. It was something of the sort, I believe; but I was annoyed—irritated! But I suppose a Council of War will settle the matter.

ALEX. (*alarmed*). A Council of War! Oh, Paul, think of our poor mother—it would kill her! Write to the Emperor, confess your fault, and implore his pardon.

PAUL. Nay, nay, I shall get out of the scrape, depend upon it. (*suddenly*) Heyday! Alexis, what has become of your epaulet?

ALEX. (*feeling his left shoulder*). Gone! ah, if I have dropped it in Fœdora's apartment, and her father should happen to find it——

PAUL. He'll probably summon the whole of the Imperial Pages to his presence, and thus the unlucky youth without an epaulet will be at once proclaimed his daughter's lover.

ALEX. True! what—what is to be done?

PAUL. Nothing so simple! you've lost your epaulet—take mine. (*about to take off his epaulet.*)

ALEX And so involve you—no!

PAUL. You won't? (*taking off his epaulet*) Then I'll put it into my pocket—there—and now let the indignant old Baron do his worst.

KAT. (*who has got round to* L). Oh, lud! as long as one of them had an epaulet I could tell them apart, but what's to be done now? I have it! I'll just pin this on his coat tail! (*taking a bow of ribbon from her dress and pinning it on* PAUL's *coat tail*) There, thanks to that precaution, I shall know my beau again in a moment. [*Exit at* R. D. 2 E.

PAUL (*goes to table*, L., *drinks a glass of wine, and throws himself into chair* R. *of table*). Come, Alexis, a glass of wine. No? then I will. (*drinks a glass of wine*) Not one—no? then I'll take another. (*keeps talking and drinking, yawns*) Strange, this sudden drowsiness. (*yawns*) Perhaps another glass of wine—(*drinks, and at last falls asleep.*)

ALEX. (R.). If this insult offered by Paul to his superior officer is brought before a military tribunal, his ruin is inevitable. How shall I save him? Ah, yes, if he would but restore this ring I wear to the Emperor, it would secure his pardon—but no, Paul would never consent. (*turns and sees him asleep*) What do I see? By all that's fortunate, he sleeps! (*taking ring off his finger and places it on* PAUL'S *finger—the right hand.*)

MAJOR (*without*, L.). Very well, Baron, very well.

ALEX. The Major—I was just in time. (*goes* R.)

*Enter* MAJOR, L. D. 1 E.

MAJOR (*seeing* ALEXIS). Still here, eh? You'll soon learn, young man, what it is to outrage military discipline by insulting your superior. (*walking to and fro.*)

ALEX. (*aside*). Perhaps an apology may yet save Paul. (*following him*) Major, if the expression of my most sincere regret—(C.)

MAJOR (*still walking about*). Too late! too late! I have made my report, therefore, unhappy, ill-starred youth, you must abide the consequences. (*turns and finds himself close to* PAUL, ALEXIS *goes round to* R.) Heyday! hang me if the unhappy, ill-starred youth hasn't gone fast asleep! (*shaking him violently.*)

PAUL (*starting up*, L.). What's the matter?

MAJOR (C., *seeing* PAUL L., ALEXIS R.). Eh, no! can it be? (*looking from one to the other several times*) Is it an optical delusion? no, they are both one, and both exactly alike. (*coming forward, they exchange looks behind*) If I arrest one, it's just a toss up that I shall make a mistake, and if I do make a mistake, it's anything but a toss up that I shall get into a confounded scrape. Ah, I have it! (*to* PAUL) Young man, after the very handsome apology you made me just now——

PAUL. I! (*astonished.*)

MAJOR (*to* ALEXIS). I mean you!

ALEX. I!

MAJOR. One of you did, which was it?

ALEX. } (*smiling*). Ah, ah!
PAUL }

MAJOR. I insist on knowing.

ALEX. } (*smiling*). Oh, oh!
PAUL }

MAJOR. Both dumb!

BARON, (*without*, L.). Major, Major!

MAJOR. Perhaps the Baron will make you speak. In the mean time, I arrest you *both*—you hear? both! consider that room your dungeon. (*pointing to* L. D. 3 E —ALEXIS *crosses to* PAUL, *and they throw an arm round each other's neck*) Left backwards—wheel! (*they wheel and face* MAJOR *advance three steps towards* MAJOR *salute and laugh, wheel backwards, take three steps to* L., *turn, salute and laugh, wheel backwards, and exit, laughing*, L. D. 3 E.) Well, now I'm more puzzled than ever.

*Enter* BARON *hurriedly*, L. D. 1 E, *with an epaulet in his hand—walking up behind* MAJOR, *and in a voice of thunder.*

BARON (L.). Krackwitz!

MAJOR (R, *starting*). Oh, lud! (*turning round.*)

BARON. You see before you a man purple—no, crimson with indignation!

MAJOR. Well, you do look rather red in the face—what's the matter?

MAJOR. This! (*thrusting epaulet close under the* MAJOR'S *nose.*)

MAJOR. An epaulet!

BARON. Belonging to one of the Imperial Pages! Where do you think I found it?

MAJOR. Most likely where he dropped it.

BARON But where do you think he dropped it?

MAJOR Probably where you found it.

BARON Yes; ha, ha, ha! (*s vagely*) In my daughter's apartment! your intended's apartment! Don't you hear? (*furiously.*)

MAJOR (*aarmed*). Yes, of course I hear. My intended daughter's apartment—no, my daughter's intended apartment—no, stop! I've got a couple of pages locked up in that room—the brothers Bettmann—who (*with emphasis*) by an extraordinary dispensation of nature——

BARON. Pshaw! don't bother me about nature—run and see if either of them is without his epaulet—why don't you run? (*furiously* -MAJOR *crosses to* L., BARON *to* R.)

MAJOR. (*at door*, L. 3 E., *peeping through keyhole*). Yes, there's one without his epaulet.

BARON. Ah!

MAJOR. And the other——

BARON. Never mind the other!

MAJOR. The other's without it too. (BARON *sits at table and writes*) They're exactly alike in every particular, for as I was going to observe, by some extraordinary dispensation of nature——

BARON (*furiously*). Don't talk nonsense! (*going on writing.*)

MAJOR. It's not nonsense, for how am I to know which of the two it was dared to insult my honor?

BARON. Don't bother me about your honor! how am I to know which it was dared to insult my daughter?

MAJOR. Don't bother me about your daughter!

BARON. Ha!

MAJOR. No, I don't mean that!

BARON (*rising and coming forward with written paper*). We must make common cause. Listen! the Emperor is here—(MAJOR *looks about*) Pshaw! when I say here I don't exactly mean *here.*

MAJOR. Then why do you say here?

BARON. Silence! he is in the immediate neighborhood, and I have received his Imperial orders to discover the Imperial Page who saved his Imperial life, and to whom he gave his Imperial ring—here is my answer; (*showing paper*) stating that I have been unable to do so, and at the same time requesting permission to punish the audacious page who has presumed to compromise my daughter's reputation. This paper you must deliver to the Emperor at once. (*gives it*) Don't you hear? at once?

MAJOR. I'm going! [*Runs off*, C. *to* R.

BARON. Here comes Fœdora—I'll question her.

*Enter* FŒDORA, L. D. 1 E.

Come here, my child!

FŒ. Yes, father!

BARON. Ahem! I have just picked up a certain article of dress in your apartment!

FŒ. Indeed! something belonging to me?

BARON. Well, I don't see exactly how it can form part of *your* wardrobe, unless you've taken lately to wearing epaulets. (*holding up epaulet.*)

FŒ. (*aside*). What shall I say?

BARON (*violently*). The name of the page who owns this epaulet—quick! speak!

FŒ. (L., *alarmed*). I think—I mean—I believe his name is Bettmann.

BARON. Which—which of the brothers—Alexis or Paul?

FŒ. He—he never told me his Christian name!

BARON. Should you know him again?

FŒ. Oh, yes, that I should!

BARON. That's lucky! (*crosses to* L., *opens* door, L. 3 E.) Step this way, gentlemen.

*Enter* ALEXIS *and* PAUL, L. 3 E, *at the same moment* KATINKA *enters*, R. D. 3 E. *

BARON. Now, daughter, they are both before you—which is he?

FŒ. (*starting*). Can such a marvellous resemblance be possible?

BARON. Are you dumb? I repeat, which is he?

FŒ. They are so exactly alike I cannot tell.

KAT. (*aside*). Luckily I can, thanks to my bunch of ribbons, which is still on his coat tail. (*getting round*, L.)

BARON (*aside*). I must try another plan. (*aloud*) Ahem! gentlemen, one of you has seriously compromised the reputation of my daughter! there is but one reparation he can make—in other words, he must marry her! (*aside*) I shall have him now!

PAUL (*hastily, aside to* ALEXIS). A snare!

ALEX. (*to* PAUL, *aside*). A trap!

BARON. Therefore let the happy youth declare himself at once.

PAUL. } 'Twas I!
ALEX. }

BARON. One at a time—now, answer.

PAUL. } 'Twas I!
ALEX. }

BARON. Confusion! Fœdora, then you must and shall decide.

FŒ. (*hesitating*). Well, then, I think—I mean—I believe this is he. (*pointing to* PAUL.)

KAT. (*coming forward*, L.). I beg your pardon, that young man belongs to me, for I took the precaution of putting my private mark upon him. (*showing bunch of ribbons*) Besides, here is his epaulet. (*taking it out of* PAUL'S *left pocket*) There, I have got you out of that scrape, haven't I, dear Paul?

BARON. That's enough. So, then (*to* ALEXIS) Alexis Bettmann, it is you who first set the Emperor at defiance by breaking out of prison, and then insult me by making love to my daughter.

ALEX. My intentions, Baron, are honorable.

BARON. That the Emperor must decide. (*goes up stage*—ALEXIS *crosses to* R., *to* FŒDORA) Ah!

*Enter* MAJOR, *hurriedly*, C. *from* R., *followed by* OFFICERS *and* SIX COSSACKS *and all the* IMPERIAL PAGES.

| FŒDORA. | KATINKA. | BARON. | ALEXIS. | PAUL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R. | | | | L. |

BARON. Well, (*anxiously to* MAJOR). You've seen the Emperor?

MAJOR. Yes, and here is his majesty's reply to your letter! (Two COSSACKS *during this have placed the table, which is on* R., *in the* C., *with a chair*) But first let me attend to my little affair. (*goes to table, takes out a large paper which he unfolds and spreads on table.**

MAJOR. Attention! (*reads*) "The council of war now assembled at head-quarters, hereby requires the signature of the Imperial Page who stands charged with insulting his superior officer—Major Karl Scipio Ajax Agamemnon Krackwitz——"

PAUL (L.). With all my heart! (*hurries to table and hold out his hand for pen.*)

BARON (R., *seeing the ring on his finger*). Eh? what! that ring! (*seizing* MAJOR *by the arm, and bringing him forward*) It's he! (*in a loud whisper, and pointing to* PAUL.)

MAJOR. Is it? Which he? what he? who he? (*bothered.*)

BARON (*crosses to* PAUL, *and grasping his right hand*). It was a noble action, young man. (*shaking his hand.*)

MAJOR (*coming down to* PAUL, *and taking his left hand*). It was a superb action, young man. (*shaking his hand.*)

BARON (*with another shake of* PAUL'S *hand*). One that will shed a lustre on your name.

MAJOR (*ditto*). One that will shed two lustres on your name.

PAUL (C., *bewildered*). Really, gentlemen, I don't understand——

BARON (*smiling*). Nay, modesty and valor always go hand in hand together.

MAJOR (*shaking* PAUL'S *hand*). Yes, it's a well-known fact, hand in hand they always go!

PAUL. Once more, I am at a loss——

BARON. Nay, nay, that ring on your finger has betrayed your secret. (*to* OFFICERS *and* PAGES) Gentlemen, in this gallant youth you behold the preserver of the Emperor's life! (*the* PAGES *all come down and congratulate* PAUL, *then go up in conversation with the* BARON *and* MAJOR.)

PAUL (C., *looking at ring*). This ring! by what strange, mysterious——

ALEX. (R., *grasping his arm and speaking in a low tone*). Hush! the council of war is already assembled! if you would preserve our name from disgrace—if you would save our mother from despair——

PAUL. Oh, speak!

ALEX. Declare that that ring was placed on your finger by the Emperor.

PAUL And so basely rob another of his reward?

ALEX. No, for that other will never claim it—no, no, Paul, he will freely sacrifice fortune, fame, life itself to save his brother!

PAUL (*staggered*). Alexis!

ALEX. Hush! (*seeing* BARON *and* MAJOR *advancing*—ALEXIS *goes* R., PAUL, L.—BARON *and* MAJOR C.)

BARON (R. C., *hastily breaking the seal of letter, and angrily to* MAJOR). Why didn't you tell me I haven't opened the Emperor's letter?

MAJOR (L. C.). Well, I really thought——

BARON. You'd no business to think.

MAJOR. I mean, I didn't think.

BARON. Then why didn't you think! (*opening letter and reading*) "The Emperor is aware of the escape of Alexis Bettmann from the military

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| | *PAGES. | COSSACKS. | PAGES. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FŒDORA. | ALEXIS. | OFFICER. | PAUL. | KATINKA. |
| | | BARON. MAJOR. | | |
| R. | | C. | | L. |

prison—the Emperor is also aware, from the contents of a pocket book belonging to the fugitive, and transmitted to the Emperor, that it is to Alexis Bettmann that he owes his life——"

PAGES *and* EVERYBODY. } To Alexis!

PAUL (L., *aside*). The truth is out! so much the better, for it lay painfully heavy here. (*laying his hand upon his heart.*)

MAJOR (*undecided—turns first to one, then to the other, and at length to* ALEXIS, R.). It was a noble—superb action—one that will add three lustres to your name. (*shakes hands with him.*)

BARON. Silence! (MAJOR *goes up*—BARON *reading*) "The aforesaid Alexis Bettmann is hereby promoted to the rank of captain, as the recompense of his filial devotion to his mother—he is also permitted to name his own reward for the service rendered to his Emperor." Speak! (*looking slyly at* FŒDORA) The reward you will doubtless ask is—is——

ALEX. (*looking first at* FŒDORA *then at* PAUL, *then suddenly*). My brother's pardon! (*rushing to* PAUL—*they meet in* C)

PAUL. Dear Alexis! (*embrace.*)

BARON (R.—*aside, and wiping his eyes*). He's a fine, noble fellow, and—(*aloud to* ALEXIS) Do you love my daughter?

ALEX. (L C.). Devotedly!

BARON. Then she is yours! (*putting* FŒDORA *across to him.*)

MAJOR (*coming down* R. *between* BARON *and* FŒDORA). Hollo, holloa! father-in law—but stop! (*pointing to the paper which the* BARON *has in his hand*) There's an imperial postscript, and that imperial postscript may be important.

BARON (*reading*). "With respect to Major Krackwitz——"

MAJOR. There! didn't I say it was important?

BARON. (*reading*) "In order to teach him more caution for the future, he is condemned to six weeks' imprisonment in his own fortress."

PAUL Ha, ha, ha! and be sure, Major, you don't let yourself slip through your own fingers.

MAJOR (*to* PAUL). Well, perhaps you will use your influence with his majesty in my behalf. (*crosses to* L. *corner.*)

PAUL. Let me first endeavor to exert it here. (*to* AUDIENCE) May I hope that our efforts to amuse may be taken into the merciful consideration of this Court Martial, and that on this occasion our offences against strict dramatic discipline may be forgiven or only gently reprimanded, we don't care "WHICH OF THE TWO."

| | | COSSACKS. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | PAGES. | OFFICER. | | PAGES. | |
| BARON. | FŒDORA. | ALEXIS. | PAUL. | KATINKA. | MAJOR. |
| R. | | C. | | | L. |

*CURTAIN.*

## *STAGE DIRECTIONS.*

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Grooves.

| R. | R. C. | C. | L. C. | L. |
|---|---|---|---|---|

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

## *COSTUMES.*

BARON MULLENDORF.—Claret surtout coat, bound with fur (sable), heavily trimmed with gold loops and lace; fur cap with scarlet fall, trimmed with gold, white pantaloons, trimmed with gold, black boots with deep sable fur tops, sword, gold belt, amber silk sash, large cloak.

MAJOR KRACKWITZ.—Green surtout, bound with fur (sable), trimmed with gold loops, lace, etc., the same as BARON'S.

THE PAGES.—Green surtout coats, bound with sable fur, trimmed with gold cord, amber silk sashes, swords, belts, yellow pantaloons, Hessian boots, fur caps, with scarlet falls.

PEASANTS.—Russian peasant's dress, the same as in the *Exile.*

COSSACKS.—Hussar jackets, full red trousers, black boots, fur caps, buff belts, swords.

FŒDORA.—Puce velvet pelisse, trimmed with fur and gold, amber petticoat, lace boots with fur tops, large black veil, cap trimmed with fur.

KATINKA.—Colored body, trimmed with gold cord, long sleeves, double skirt, apron trimmed to match, Russian head-dress, trimmed with beads, braided hair, and four long tails, fancy stockings, black shoes.

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TIME IN REPRESENTATION—SIXTY MINUTES.

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## *SYNOPSIS.*

ALEXIS BETTMAN, one of the Imperial Pages, is imprisoned by the Czar for refusal to confess as to the manner in which he expended his last year's pay. He breaks prison to join in an attack on the enemy, during which he saves the emperor's life. His preserver is unknown to the sovereign, but the Czar places a ring on his finger, declaring that he should be rewarded on the morrow. ALEXIS claims the reward in a letter to His Majesty, on behalf of his widowed mother. FŒDORA, the governor's daughter, designed to be married to the military commander, visits an inn with a view of making an appointment with ALEXIS, her favored lover. Meeting PAUL, ALEXIS' twin brother, and, deceived by their resemblance, she gives him the note designating the place of interview. PAUL goes in search of the place indicated, while ALEXIS comes to the inn, where KATINKA, beloved by PAUL, serves him with a supper, ordered by his brother, under a misapprehension of his being her admirer. The governor and commandant, in search of the escaped prisoner, arrive at the inn, where, subsequently, the commandant encounters PAUL, who, acknowledging himself to be ALEXIS, accepts a challenge, and goes in search of pistols for the purpose of fighting the duel. In his absence ALEXIS returns, having seen FŒDORA in her apartment, where he has dropped one of his epaulettes, and then casually meets the commandant, who has planned the duel merely to entrap his prisoner into the hands of the Cossacks. The page draws his sword on his superior officer, who charges the offence upon PAUL, who, to shield his brother, assumes the responsibility of the offence. The letter, dropped by ALEXIS in his flight, has been forwarded to the Czar, who returns an answer, advancing his preserver to the rank of captain, with the privilege of naming his own reward, which ALEXIS claims to be the pardon of his brother. The governor, struck with his fraternal devotion, confers upon ALEXIS the hand of his daughter, whose honor had been compromised through finding the epaulette in her chamber.

# WON BACK

*A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.*

## By CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR

Six male, four female, characters. A play written in the same vein as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "Across the Potomac," and other great New York successes. Mr. Tayleur has written many successful plays for Maggie Mitchell, Frank Chanfrau, and others, but this striking picture of the stirring times of the Great Rebellion surpasses them all. Costumes, civil and military of the period. Scenes, two interiors, and one landscape with Confederate camp, easily managed. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

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## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

### ACT I.—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860.

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

### ACT II—Same Scene—1860.

"Who might have been—Ah, *what*, I dare not think!
We all are changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern fire-eater—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

### ACT III.—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861.

"With bayonets slanted in the glitt'ring light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

### ACT IV.—Confederate Camp at Winchester—1864.

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A coward's armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won Back

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## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Genie expresses her ideas to "Kenmore"—Julia's birthday party—The Judge talks politics—and discloses a secret—"I am not her father!"—Emmet appears on the scene—"Yer aff, there, Guvnor"—Kenmore devises a scheme—"I'd rather talk dollars"—The disguise detected—The scheme develops—Julia's distress—"Tell me it's not true!"—Emmet gets a square meal, and has a talk with Genie—Kenmore's scheme seems to flourish, but his offer is refused—"A word from me and back he goes to prison"—The letter opened—"My own, own child!"—Kenmore finds his match—Emmet throws off his disguise—The Judge makes an acknowledgment—Kenmore discomfited—"My own father!"—Tableau.

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## ONE OF THE BEST PLAYS EVER WRITTEN FOR AMATEURS

A COMEDY DRAMA OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE, IN TWO ACTS, BY EDWIN M. STERN.

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Six male, two female characters. This play deals with the same phases of life as "The Old Homestead" and "The County Fair," and is written in the same comedy vein which has rendered these two pieces so popular. The courtship of the Irish alderman is one of the most ludicrous scenes ever written, while the scenes between the old farmer and his daughter are most touching and pathetic. Scenery, a set cottage and a plain room. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, an hour and a half.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

### ACT I.

*HICK'RY FARM HOUSE.*

Darkwood's Plot—Skinner tempted—Money! Gold!—Zekiel appears—"Be you Ann Maria's boy?"—Fortune's reminiscences—The deed must be stolen!—Hard cider—Aunt Priscilla's love—The alderman's brogue—"Dear departed Hezekiah"—Jessie's secret—"Then you still love me?"—"Larry McKeegan's courtin'"—The "widdy" succumbs—"Zekiel's fav'rit' song"—McKeegan's ghost—Jack Nelson makes a discovery—Jessie has gone!—"Heaven help me!"—Zekiel's prayer.

### ACT II.

*IN FORTUNE'S SHANTY.*

Zekiel's misfortunes—The rent collector—Darkwood's insult—"Villain, you lie!"—Skinner's remorse—The New York detective—The bank robbery—Darkwood threatens—Jessie returns—The alderman married—"Sure it's a darlint little woife she is"—Zekiel's happiness—"Gosh! I ain't felt so gol-darned happy sinct I wuz a boy!"—A trap for Darkwood—Jack and Jessie reunited—Priscilla pacified—Darkwood at bay—"Stand aside, as you value your lives!"—The detective fires—"You've done for me this time!"—Zekiel's forgiveness—Old Hick'ry farm restored.

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OR,

# THE GIRL MINER.

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Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

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## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

### ACT I.—Entrance to Railroad Station.

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains important information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who? Old Joe!"

### ACT II.—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California.

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a misdake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

### ACT III.—Wood Scene.

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir!"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril!"

### ACT IV.

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer believed dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de Unided States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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